



The T O A S T.

A New Song.

SIX subjects as loyal as kingdom can prize,
To toast it they met at the Star :
Divinity, Physick, a Lawyer, likewise
A Merchant, Mechanick, and Tarr.

The bowl being brought, then their bumpers they
charg'd,
And mov'd the Divine to begin :
I am ready, he said, and his voice he enlarg'd,
Long life and success to the King.

Then Physick he lean'd on his gold-headed cane,
With gravity he took his glass :
Here's wishing our subjects united remain.
Then the foes of our land's but a farce,

The Lawyer he eagerly then took a snuff,
The Expedition he had in his view :
Here's to Hawke, and all others that stick by the stuff
Whate'er they attack to subdue.

Here's wishing the war on with vigour may go,
Said the Merchant, tho' assurance us fleece ;
Two years more such conquests shall make them to
know,
That on our own terms we'll have Peace.

The Mechanick he wish'd that Great Britain's allies
With zeal and true courage may fight ;
Like Britons of old, who so freedom did prize,
And bravely defended their right.

Plague them, quoth Jack Tar, who'd hurt George and
Pitt,
Make a cell in the Bastile their room,
The worth of true freedom know by wanting it,
And cuckol'd by priests be their doom.

Britannia appearing, she did them carels :
Boys, I have a son of my own,
On whose royal bosom freedom's impress.
'Tis George the Third now on the throne,

